

A LITTLE ISLAND COLONY.

Fifty White Folks W.o. Live on a Lofty Rock Just Big Enough for Them. A few months ago the handful of peo-pie who live on Pitcairn island cele-I feet like a child who has lost his way brated the hundredth anniversary of the landing of their fathers on that little The world is always glad to hear of the prosperity of this people, and sev- | The night is long, but the day will break eral other little communities inhabiting the smallest specks of land in the ocean also excite much interest.

There is one island, however, of which | He we seldom hear. It is Lord Howe island, the home of fifty or sixty white people, about 600 miles north-ast of New South Wales. Years ago two or three families from New Zealand thought they would seek a new home.

They had heard of the profuse vegetation on this crescent shaped little island, and decided that they would build new homes there. So they went to Lord Howe island, which is only six miles long and about a mile wide, and rises nearly 3,000 feet at nearly every point. They built their huts, tilled the land, and after a while two or three other families joined them. Some of these original settlers are still living, but most it happened. of the residents are their descendants.

The island is under the government of New Zealand, and once a year it is visited by a magistrate, who settles all little there are seidom any differences among the people. Like Pitcairn and other little island communities, they have never found it necessary to build a jail.

There were none of the higher mammals on the islands when they went there, but now there are quite a number of goats, swine and cats, which, having escaped from domesticity, have have become quite wild. While some the people find it very easy to live in

desire to return to larger communities, very happy. They were forced, of They do not encourage immigration be- course, to give occasional dinners, but cause they think they and their caildren they made no friends hereby, and the will need all of the 3,220 acres of the isl- Station went its own way and forgot and. Sometimes a sailor from a passing them, only saying occasionally that Dorship spends a little while in the commu- mouse was the best of good fellows, nity, and has been known to carry away though dull. A civil surgeon who never one of the daughters as his wife, but quarrels is a rarity, appreciated as such. most of the people are born, live and die

hundred rods without seeing the sea, and very much dependent on each other's of course they come to know every inch kind offices. Dumoise was wrong in of their little world. Once or twice a shutting himself from the world for a year a vessel comes to them with a large year, and he discovered his mistake variety of supplies, and they purchase when an epidemic of typhoid broke out with their corps and other products the in the station in the heart of the cold goods they need for the ensuing year. weather, and his wife went down. He At the same time their libraries are re- was a shy little man, and five days were plenished with new books, a large lot of wasted before he realized that Mrs. newspapers come to their homes, and it Dumoise was burning with something takes them a good while to read of all worse than simple fever, and three days that has happened in the busy world more passed before he ventured to call since they last heard of it .- New York on Mrs. Shute, the engineer's wife, and

Loose the Bands of Thy Neck.

curate in a Norfolk parish, where the death and the nurses, minute by minute rector was non-resident. One Sunday, and degree by degree. Mrs. Shute aljust as the curate had entered the read- most boxed Dumoise's ears for what she that he wished to preach, but had for- had seven cases of typhoid in the station pendage to the clerical wardrobe was is about one in every five cases, we felt quite indispensable in those days, and certain that we should have to lose the only way in which the curate could somebody. rector mounted.

other, "Loose the bands of thy neck- taken away. loose the bands-loose the bands," the After the death Dumoise crept into his hapless curate became more baffled in own house and refused to be comforted. his hopeless endeavors to untie the knot- He did his duties perfectly, but we all ted strings, and in his nervousness sup- feit that he should go on leave, and the posed the anthem to be directed to him. other men of his own service told him probably the amusement it caused after- suggestion-be was thankful for anyfor the annoyance of the time. - Corn on a walking tour. Cami is some twenty hill Magazine.

Ready Made Clothing.

who desired rough, cheaply made clothmen invariably left their measure with his wife's favorite servant. He was idle their tailors, and scorned what was familiarly termed "slop made" clothing thing to him. But a demand arose for fine grades of ready made clothing, and the alert turned aside to Bagi, through the Forest American manufacturer was ready to Reserve which is on the spur of Mount

The demands of the customer were exacting, and to reach his high standard from Kotegarh to Bagi is one of the finest of excellence scientific methods were emin creation. It runs through dark wet played and competent designers. It was forest, and ends suddenly in bleak, nipthe old story of the relative cost of makling one coat or of making 500. But bungalow is open to all winds and is betthere were men of peculiar shape who heretofore had been able to become fitted Perhaps that was the reason why Duonly by the custom tailor. He was too moise went there. He halted at 7 in the tall or too fat to be fitted from the ready evening, and his bearer went down the made stock of the olden time. This hill side to the vilings to engage coolies difficulty was soon met and overcome for the next day's march. The sun had until to-day, although the custom tailor set, and the night winds were beginning has by no means disappeared, the ready to croon among the rocks. Dumoise made dealer has for his customers that leaned on the railing of the veranda,

No Use for Any of Them.

companion, as they were riding up town as he could up the face of the hill.

"What's funny?" homored and fifty languages in the world, nose and his face iron gray. Then he and not one of them is good enough for gargled: "I have seen the Memsahib! 1 thist brakeman."-Pack.

4 Boy's idea of His Pather.

vice; at 40 he begans to think his father knows something after all: at 50 he begins next month at Nubbra. Then I ran is there any way to, find out what a woto seek his advice, and at 66, after his away because I was afraid." father is dead, he thinks that he was the What Dumoise said or did I do not smartest man that ever lived.

times think that it would be best

Who have crossed o'er the river's rolling tide, And reached the home on the other side.

And is always longing for home, sweet home! But I say to my yearning heart, "Be still; We'll go home when it is God's will."

When the light of eternity streaming down On the cross we bear for the Master's sake Will guide our steps to the promised crown. A little while and the gate is passedme and beaven and rest at last.

BY WORD OF MOUTH.

[The author of this story, Rudyard Kipling, is a young Englishman who has lived most of his life in British India. His stories of that country, written during personal contact with its people and the British army, have recently attract great deal of attention both in England and

This tale may be explained by those precipitously from the sen to a height of who know how souls are made, and where the bounds of the possible are put down. I have lived long enough in this country to know that it is best to know nothing, and can only write the story as

Dumoise was our civil surgeon at Meridki, and we called him "Dormouse." because he was a round little, sleepy little man. He was a good doctor, and disputes. It is a very easy task, for never quarreled with any one, not even with our deputy commissioner, who had the manners of a bargee and the tact of a horse. He married a girl as round and as sleepy looking as himself. She was a Miss Hillardyce, daughter of "Squash" Hillardyce of the Berars, who

married his chief's daughter by mistake. A honeymoon in India is seldom more than a week long; but there is nothing lived in the woods so long that they to hinder a couple from extending it over two or three years. This is a deof the men engage in tilling their gar. lightful country for married folk who dens others are out fishing. A great are wrapped up in one another. They many edible fish are caught there, and can live absolutely alone and without interruption, just as the Dormice did. comfort without a large amount of labor. These two little people retired from the They say they have not the slightest world after their marriage, and were

Few people can afford to play Robinson Crusoe anywhere-least of all in In-They cannot travel more than a few dia, where we see few in the land, and timidly speak about his trouble. Nearly every household in India knows that doctors are very helpless in typhoid. My mother used to tell a story of a The battle must be fought out between ing desk, the rector came into the called his "criminal delay," and went off church, and sent him a note to the effect at once to look after the poor girl. We gotten to bring his bands. This ap- that winter, and as the average of death

help him out of the difficulty was to un- But all did their best. The women sat tie his own bands and hand them up hursing the women, and the men hate the three decker as soon as the turned to and tended the bachelors who were down, and we wrestled with those But when the time came, as ill luck typhoid cases for fifty-six days, and would have it, the string of the bands brought them through the valley of the got into a knot, and by one of those un- shadow in triumph. But, just when we accountable coincidences that sometimes thought all was over, and were going to occur the singers in the gallery struck give a dance to celebrate the victory, up the anthem "Loose the bands of thy neck, thou captive daughter of Zion," died in a week and the station went to and as they repeated the words over and the funeral. Dumoise broke down utterly over again, and one part echoed an- at the brink of the grave, and had to be

I do not remember how it ended, but so. Dumoise was very thankful for the ward may have more than compensated thing in those days-and went to Chini marches from Simla, in the heart of the hills, and the scenery is good if you are in trouble. You pass through big, still, I am sometimes amazed in passing the deodar forests, and under big, still cliffs, great ready made clothing establish and over big, still gr. as downs swelling ments of Boston to note how differently like a woman's breasts, and the wind they are regarded than formerly. It was across the grass and the rain among the less than a generation ago that they deodars says, "Hush-hush." So were patronized almost exclusively by little Dumoise was pocked off to Chini workingmen, mechanics and farmers, to wear down his griss with a full plate camera and a rifle. He took also a useing. Merchants, bankers, professional less bearer, because the man had been

On his way back from Chini, Dumoise Huttoo. Some mea who have traveled more than a little say that the march class of men who once scorned him - waiting for his bearer to return. The man came back almost immediately after he had disappeared, and at such a "It's funny, isn't it?" he said to his rate that Danneise fancied he must have crossed a bear. He was running as hard

But there was a sear to account for That there are two thousand seven fell down, the blood spuring from his have seen the Memsahib!"

"Where said Dumoise. As to years of age a beythinks that his father hasks a great deal; at the knows twice as much; at 50 he is willing to take his ad
said, 'Ram Dass, give my salaams to the Sahib, and tell him that I shall meet him "Down there, walking on the road to Sahib, and tell him that I shall meet him

i know. Ram Dans declares that he said | her mod -Good News.

nothing, but walked up and down the veranda all the cold night, waiting for the Memsahib to come up the hill and stretching out his arms into the dark like a madman. But no Memsahib came, and next day he went on to Simla, crossquestioning the bearer every hour.

Ram Dass could only say that he had met Mrs. Dumoise, and that she had lifted up her veil and given him the message which he had faithfully repeated to Dumoise. To this statement Ram Dass ad-He did not know where Nuddea was, had no friends at Nuddea, and would most certainly never go to Nudlea, even though his pay were more han doubled.

Nuddea is in Bengal, and has nothing whatever to do with a doctor serving in he Punjab. It must be more than welve hundred miles from Meridki.

Damoise went through Simla without to take over charge from the man who and been officiating for him during his There were some dispensary accounts to be explained, and some recent orders of the surgeon general to be noted, and, altogether, the taking over was a full day's work. In the evening Dumoise told his locum tenens, who was an old friend of his bachelor days, what had happened at Bagi; and the man said

At that moment a telegraph peon came in with a telegram from Simla ordering Dumoise not to take over charge on special duty. There was a nasty out-break of cholera at Nuddea, and the usual, had borrowed a surgeon from the ployer.

Dumoise threw the telegram across the table and said, "Well?" The other doctor said nothing. It was all that he could say.

Then he remembered that Dumoise Bagi, and thus might, possibly, from have heard first news of the impending

He tried to put the question, and he implied suspicion into words, but Dumoise stopped him with: "If I had desired that I should never have come back from Chini. I was shooting there. I wish to live, for I have things to dobut I shall not be sorry."

The other man bowed his head and

helped in the twilight to pack up Dumoise's just opened trunks. Ram Dass entered with the lamps. "Where is the Sahib going?" he asked.

"To Nuddea," said Dumoise softly. Rum Dass clawed Dumoise's knees and boots and begged him not to go. Ram Dass wept and howled till he was turned out of the room. Then he wrapped up all his belongings, and came back to ask for a character. He was not going to Nuddea to see his Sahib die, and perhaps to die himself.

So Dumoise gave the man his wages and went down to Nuddea alone, the other doctor bidding him good-by as one under sentence of death.

Eleven days later he had joined his Memsahib, and the Bengal government had to borrow a fresh doctor to cope with that epidemic at Nuddea. The first importation by deed in Choosdanga Dak-Bungalow.-Rudyard Kipling.

Irrepressible Statisticians

France still remains the country most prolific in energetic and irrepressible statisticians. One of the tribe has lately been busily engaged in geiting up facts the mania for collecting all sorts of objects. There are, he informs us, 12,000 collectors of botanical specimens and 20,000 antiquaries. The labors of these people, however, are he thinks lofty and noble compared to those of the beings who the silly collectors of 'bus and train

tickets. The statistician has also much to say about the scrap book people and the hunters after historical buttons. One of and military specimens, ranging from the time of Louis XIV to our own days, and he spent large sums of money in looking for articles of the kind on the battleand the first empire had fought.

of the ballet, there having been once an materially interfered with her success these things in his museum. - London all notion of the stage Miss Watson had Telegraph.

Reducing His Family to Suit.

A certain man, not unknown in this city, tells this story about himself: He went to look at rooms, and after a chat with the landlady, in which he told her he thought he would take them, he asked her if she objected to children. She said no, not particularly, and wanted to know | Hope tagged at my heartstrings and made me how many he had.

"Oh, about seven," he replied in an offhand way. "What!" she cried, "Goodness gra-

cious, I couldn't let those in." "Well," he said reflectively, "I'll go home and kill four of them. I like the rooms very much." The lady was herrified and begred him not to do it, until finally he consented and gave up his hope of ever living in her pleasant rooms. -Providence Telegram.

A Financial Paradox.

She-Why do you wish that you were poor, Mr. Hiffier He-Why, see how much money I could eave if I was too poor to keep a yacht -Munsey's Weekly

A Simple Plan.

Mr. Youngman (after long thought)-Mr. Benedick (absently)-Yes; make HIS LIFE BURNED AWAY.

Terrible Fate of a Chicago Laborer Who Fell Into a Pit of Slack Lime. Patrick Kane, a hod carrier, fell into a died a short time ago. He was a stalwart Irishman, 84 years old, and possessed a record of unbroken good health, but on All kinds of county, township and school district the day the accident occurred he complained of a sick headache. At the close of the day's work his employer asked him to prepare some lime for the

next day's work. Kane at first declined on the plea that he was ill, but was finally persuaded to resume work. None of the laborers were about the yard when Kane began working the lime, and his employer went back to the office to calculate estimates on some jobs in hand. About 7 o'clock Kane, who felt weary and tired leaned nalting, and returned to Meridki, there heavily on the mixer with which he was stirring up the lime. The plank on which he stood had been thrown carelessly across the corner of the box. His weight turned it over, and before he could regain his balance or utter a cry for heip he fell full length into the boil ing, bubbling lime.

He sank down, no part of his body es caping contact with the burning liquid except his left arm and the upper part of lime that flashed up from the box, and suffering horribly from the mouthful of fiery liquid he had swallowed in his at Meridki, but to go at once to Nuddea fatal plunge, he crawled slowly out, staggered a few paces and then fell prostrate on the sand heap, where he was Bengal government being shorthanded as found a few minutes later by his em-

From his shoulder downward the lime had eaten into his clothing and was slowly making its way through the flesh of the unconscious man. The soles of his boots had dropped off, and his trousers, from the knee down, hung in shreds had passed through Simla on his way from his slowly consuming limbs. The skin on the upper part of his right arm, which was bared to the shoulder, had been burned away, and the muscles and tendons had succombed to the destroyer.

The nails of the fingers had dropped off almost immediately after coming into contact with the lime, and the hand was tightly clinched, as if to conquer the maddening pain. The liquid crept slowly but relentlessly through his shirt, eating its destructive way and frightfully scorching his chest and back. The man was a mass of burning flesh and lime, and when Borland, his employer, found him on the sand heap the fatal lime had effectually done its deadly work.

Borland rushed for the hose pipe, and attempted to check the progress of destruction by deluging Kane with cold water. Then, despairing of the man's life, he carried him to his buggy, with the lime eaten clothing still clinging to his body, and drove the injured man home. For a week Kane hovered be tween life and death.

None of the sufferers seen by Dante during his journey through the Inferno could ever have endured the awful agony experienced by the dying hod carrier as the lime fairly scorched its way through his lungs. The sears on his body and limbs were hideons enough, but all chance of recovery was destroyed by the awful fire raging within.

Kane bore his sufferings with the fortitude of a stoic. No word of complaint ever crossed his lips, and he showed no sign of the great agony he felt except to lay his uninjured hand on his bosom and murmur, "My heart is burnand figures about persons smitten with ing away." The fiery fluid released him after a week's suffering, and Kane passed away unconscious of the approach of death .- Chicago Herald.

Why She Didn't Laugh.

"We had more fun at the party the other stick pins in beetles and love to exhibit | night than I ever saw in my life," said a | he expected. He would never have the impaled insects in glass cases, or of little St. Anthony Hill girl to her mother. "What was the cause of your hilarity?" inquired the interested parent. "One of the girls fell right through a chair, and everybody laughed but me."

"Why didn't you laugh?" "I-I-I was the little girl who fell these has a wonderful collection of civil through the chair."-St. Paul Pioneer Press.

She Will Marry.

Miss Sarah Watson, of New York city, fields where soldiers of the first republic who for the past two years has taken high rank as professor of music at Vas-Another Parisian brought together sar college, is about to resign her place 20,000 different portraits of the great to marry the Danish composer, Joachim Napoleon, while a dealer in curiosities Anderson. Miss Watson is highly rehas on hand the palettes of all the prin- garded by the profession as an artist of cipal French painters who have flour- grusual merits. After a four years' ished in the second half of the present course under Professor Ritter she studied century. The careful statistician has abroad, and as a pupil of Scharwenka omitted to add to his list the collectors at Berlin carried off many exalted honof such trifles as the slippers of "stars" era. An unconquerable nervousness old Parisian who had an assortment of as a concert performer, and abandoning set herself to adorn a professorship when the gallant Dane claimed her as his own. -Exchange.

As I strolled on the beach with the fair Isabella— We were friends of long standing: I'd known her Was it-love or the shade of her gorgeous umbrella That fluttered in crimson acr

archicious, For when coquetry blooms like a Provencal rosa t is surely a sign that she means to be gracious.

And bless with sweet favor some one of her

to I set me to wooing, both blithely and bravely. Cauphi in mine a small hand in a brown gant de Suede. Snatched a kiss from her lips, and was begging

To leave out my heart from the list of betrayed. When she stopped. "I'm sorry," she murmured, "But you see-I'm engaged?"-and pretended to

sign.

While a swift recollection uppet me completely. "Great Cusar" I gaspoi, "I forgot, So am II THE WICHITA EAGLE

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pit of slack lime he was preparing at the yard of Robert Borland, plasterer, and PRINTERS, BINDERS AND BLANK BOOK M'FRS.

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that Ram Dass might as well have chosen Tuticorin while he was about it.

At that moment a telegraph peon lime that flashed no from the lexy and

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DEATH DEPOSED.

Death stately came to a young man and said, What matter?" The young man replied,
"See my young bride,
Whose life were all one blackness if I died. My land requires me; and the world's self too, Methinks, would miss some things that I can do.

Then Death in scorn this only said.
"Be dead."
And so he was. And soon another's hand
Made rich his land. Made rich his land.
The sun, too, of three summers had the might
To bleach the widow's hue, light and more light,
Again to bridal white.
And nothing seem'd to miss beneath the sun
His work undone.

But Death soon met another man whose eye Was Nature's spy,
Who said: "Forbear thy too triumphant scorn.
The weakest born Of all the sons of men is by his birth Heir of the Might Eternal, and this Earth Is subject to him in his place.

Thou leav'st no trace.

"Thou, the mock Tyrans that men fear and hate Cold, dark and wormy thing of loss and tears! Not in the sepulchers Thou dwellest, but in my crimson'd heart Where while it beats we call thee Life. Depart

> Or stay !- because thou art Only Myself." -William Allingham in New York Tribune.

As Others See Us. A lady who prided herself on being "animated" once asked her maid, "Mary, how do I look when I am talk-"Mostly as if you was awful mad,

mum," was the honest reply. Three gentlemen stood chatting together in a railway station, and one chanced to notice two-thirds of a cigarette lying at their feet. "Ah." said he, "the lady with whom

he had an appointment came sooner than lighted it if he had known." "No," said the second, "that isn't it.

He was only a beginner, and he couldn't stand any more of it." "I think you are both wrong," put in the other. "He dropped it by accident, and was too proud to pick it up."

Each one of the three was sure that his conjecture was correct, and they urged their respective views with some heat and animation. At a short distance from them stood two boys, one of whom had been intently watching the group. "Bill," said he to his friend, "look at them three gents fightin' over a bit of cigarette. The big un found it fust, but the others were on him afore he could grab it."-Youth's Companion.

Will Tan Them.

Maud-However can you get rid of that awful tan? Minnie (a school teacher)-I shall transfer it to my pupils. - Lawrence American.

Coming Modifications in War Tactice. It is pointed out as one of the consequences of the universal introductions of smokeless powder which is now imminent, that, as soldiers will have to seek all possible cover, it will be necessary to multiply the number of orderlies and messengers, and the commander-in-chief will have to take his position in the centre of action to watch everything and to be ready to modify the original plan swiftly if needful. The change from brilliant uniforms to those of soberer and safer hoes will involve such expense that it is likely to be deferred for while, but the glitter of belmets and bayonets is now so dangerously visible that already the French minister of war has given orders that in the army of the

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

republic these shall be dulled with

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